



Normal, Not Normal



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Chapter 1 by mattheauleeSharp

If you asked me where my abilities came from, I'd tell you the truth- I have absolutely no idea. I've always just had them. To me, it was just a part of my normal, everyday life. My name is Richard Alexander Hedgeick. You can call me Ricky Alexander, though. Everyone does. I'm just a normal person. A normal person with some very abnormal abilities.

The story I want to tell you begins on the day that I turned sixteen. I woke up early at six A.M. and rolled out of my bed, and looked around my room. It looked the same as always-clothes thrown all over the floor, the light turned off, and my laptop laying open on my desk.

I waved my hand, and the laptop flew off the desk, landing on my bed. I sat down in front of it and turned it on. Once it loaded, I opened my internet browser and logged in to check my Facebook. there were a few notifications from friends who had posted a happy birthday status on my profile.

After scrolling through my news feed for a while, I logged off and walked to the bathroom to take a shower. The water was already on when I got there. I had turned it on from my room.

As I stood in the shower, letting the warm water run through my black hair and down my back, I started playing with the water. I ran my hand on the floor of the shower and float up into the air as little droplets of water came out of my hand. A circle, a triangle, a square, a star. The water was everywhere.

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I Could do this with pretty much anything I wanted to. It was just one of the strange things I'd always been able to do. Besides being able to manipulate objects, I always knew what someone was gonna say or do before they even did it. Also, I was stronger and faster than most people. I could easily lift a car with one hand, and I could run faster than a speeding train.

When I got out of the shower and went downstairs to the kitchen, my mom was sitting at the table, drinking a cup of coffee.

"Morning, mom." I said, as a coffee mug floated out of the cupboard into my hand, and the coffee pot floated over, filling up the cup.

"Good morning, birthday boy." She said smiling.

"Yeah. Well, at least my birthdays finally on a weekend, instead of a school day." I said, sitting down.

"Yeah, I guess the last few years you've been in school on your birthday, huh?" She asked, grabbing the coffee pot out of the air and pouring herself another cup.

"Yeah. I got kinda tired of spending my birthday in school every year." I said.

"So", she said, "what do you plan on doing today?"

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